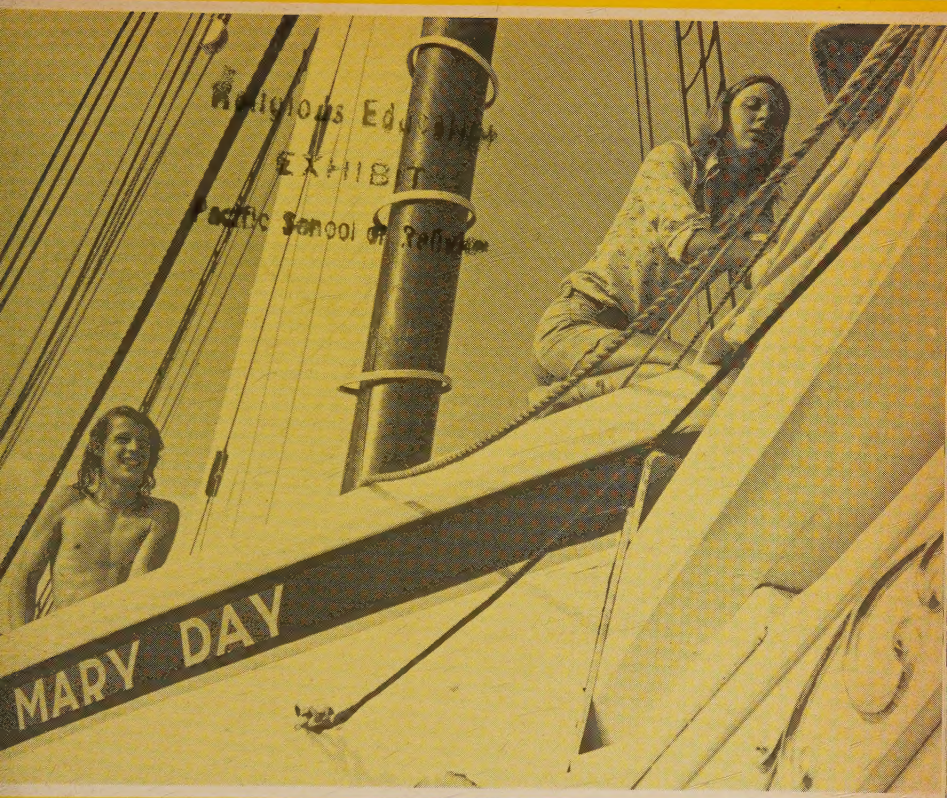



Religious Education
EXHIBIT
Pacific School of Religion

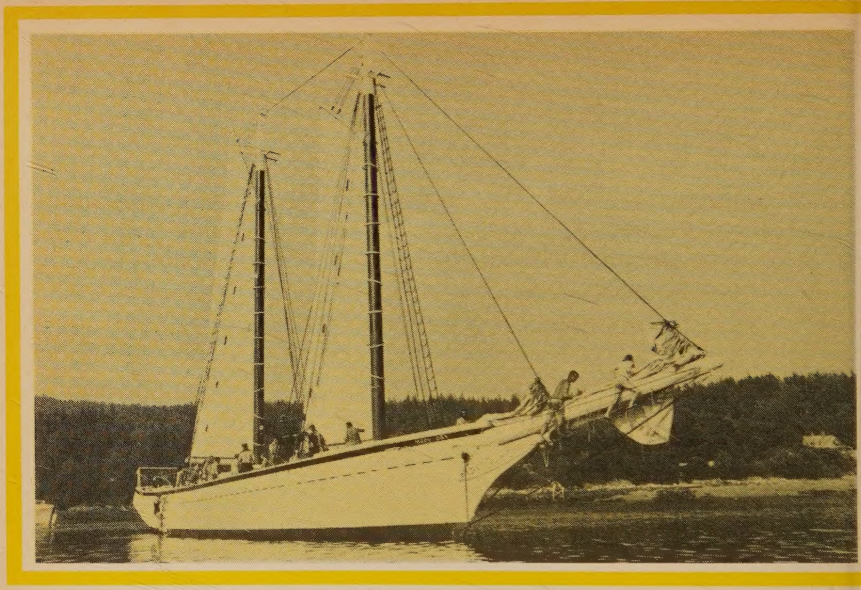
APRIL 1976

# youth MAGAZINE

**TEENS TRY A WINDJAMMER RETREAT**

**PROBING SOME PALM SUNDAY MYSTERIES**

**A YURT FOR YOU?**



# Windjammer Cruise

THE SHIP'S LOG AND PHOTOS
BY KATRINA JOHNSON

he sails of a windjammer must be seen at close range to truly appreciate their assiveness. The Connecticut "crew" learned the ropes.

When you're sailing close to a stiff wind, and the sea is spitting at you, and the fors'l is so loud with the wind you'd swear there's a motor in it, then you know why the word "windjammer" sounds exciting and romantic. There were 8 of us sharing the adventure of the *Mary Day,* an 86-foot, 100-ton, sailing vessel, that sports with the winds off the coast of Maine.

We were part of a church-sponsored summer program for juniors and seniors in high school and for those just out of school. For 15 years now, the Connecticut Conference of the United Church of Christ has had this creative program for its youth. The site and source of the action and learning is a windjammer cruise, not a campsite nor a vesper hill, but the water, the wind, the sails, the schooner, the work, and your shipmates.

This then is our story—the "ship's log"—of that week of island - hopping, sail - hoisting, chore-sharing, meditative self-searching, and community-building.

---

Katrina Johnson is half of the team of "Joyshine," free-lancers from Woodbury, Conn.

youth magazine

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Cover photos by Katrina Johnson

**"We were happy to be away from home to be rejuvenated by the natural environment of God's world."**

**Sunday, June 22**

It's a six-hour drive from Co
necticut to Camden, Maine, ar
you never see the shore un
you're in the town. All of a sudde
it's there before you. We count t
boats and wonder which one is
be our floating home for the ne
week. We were happy that t
white, shining, newly-paint
vessel is our *Mary Day*.

"It looks so small," Joy said.
imagined it would be much lar
er." We were all surprised that
held so much. Captain Hawki
told us that windjammers like t
*Mary Day* used to carry 75 tons
cargo from Boston to Camden
24 hours.

The crew must enjoy watchi
the landlubbers inch their w
down the gangplank with duf
bags, guitars, and suntan loti
With all our baggage, were
about to break the cargo reco

After finding our bunks and
dinner, we gathered in the m
cabin to talk about our expec
tions and first impressions.

The group became a closely-knit unit after a week of living, working and worshipping together in close, but exciting, quarters.

were glad that the crew was so friendly. We were happy to be away from home. We welcomed the chance to be rejuvenated by being involved in something close to God's world.

Fidie, our thought-inspiring leader, shared her expectations with us in the form of a symbol, in which the vertical of self-experience meets the horizontal of relationships with others and is enclosed by the circle of group life. She hoped that we all expanded our verticals, reached out to one another horizontally, and found joy and love in our circular community. Her symbol resembled a compass, or a ship's wheel. It seemed to fit the *Mary Day.*

Soon it was six bells (11 p.m.) and all was well, even though it was a little cramped in the small cabins below deck. The curfew was strict and never found an argument from our company of new "sailors."

**Monday, June 23**

This morning we discovered how spoiled we are by running water as we brushed our teeth and washed our faces over the rail. Fresh water is stored in barrels at

Hoisting the sails took the combined strength of several people all pulling together.

**"We learned how to sail— work the windlass, hoist the sail, tack, and box the compass."**

the bow, and we had to dip cupfuls into our plastic washing bowls. After watching Cilla pour the icy water over her sudsy head, some of us decided we'd live with dirty hair for a week.

Bill, the ship's cook of 14 years, had French toast waiting for us. He cooks on an old cast-iron wood stove that gives everything an extra special taste.

There was a lot of cargo still to be loaded on board and as the boxes and bags kept coming, we wondered, "Where will all that go?" Everything had its own place: Firewood for the stove was stored below the cabin deck under the trap door; dry goods were stashed inside the box benches we sat on for meals; perishables were put in a large ice box, which had to be loaded with six or more large blocks of ice.

At four bells (10 a.m.), we were ready to get under way and we had had our basic instructions on how to sail a windjammer—working the windlass (the four-crew-powered winch for hoisting the anchor), hoisting the sails, learning the aerodynamics of the sails and how to tack, checking out the points of the compass and how to box the compass, and becoming familiar with the terms of the ship's nomenclature. Our teachers were Captain Hawkins, Bill, the first mate, and Pete, a full-bearded crew member.

Each day Fidie gave us a focus to discuss and experience, and today it was *seeing.* In our discussion groups we talked about sights we enjoyed and sights that were painful. We talked about IN-sights and I-sights and hopeful

visions of the future. We were aware of the Maine sights: the rocks and the cormorants, the buoys and the lighthouses, that lobster fisherman with his Mack-hat and beard, the sun gleaming through the mast so far above us, and the way the vessel seemed to expand when the sails were up—even the deck seemed bigger.

When the day got hot, a group of ocean lovers suited up for their first exhilarating dive. It was much more than exhilarating! As the heads popped out of the water, piercing screams of "Co-o-o-ld" were heard and we watched some record swimming in the race for the ship's ladder. The quote of the day: "It's not bad, once you get out!"

The cranking of the windlass is noise enough to let the whole harbor know the *Mary Day* is on her way out. We were the first schooner to get our sails up and we were amazed at the great effort it took. As we strained with the ropes, we realized the weight and massiveness of the mighty sails.

Our course was South past Rockland to Monroe Island and then tacking East across Penobscot Bay past Drunkard and Fiddler Ledges to the thoroughfare between North Haven and Vinal Haven where we anchored. With sails down, we lowered the yawlboat and the peapods (two rowboats) and went ashore to explore.

**"Each day Fidie gave us a focus to discuss, experience, and meditate. We stretched up, out, and inward."**

**Tuesday, June 24**

We sailed out of the Fox Island thoroughfare toward Deer Isle.

Today our focus was on *hearing.* We were especially glad for our Morning Silence time which easily extended from the usual 15 minutes to about an hour or so. There was so much to listen to. The wind makes different sounds with the sails as they move "close to" or "with" the wind. When we sail close to the wind, it's very noisy and there's a whoosh as the vessel cuts across the waves and the current. We have to wear our windbreakers and get out the deck blankets. When we travel with the wind in the thoroughfare we slide with the current and the water laps at the bow. The sails don't rattle over fighting with the wind. Then there's a smoothness and quiet and we take off our jackets and grab the lotion.

"K. C." told us to listen for the echo from the lighthouse foghorn and Shelly pointed out that buoys have various tones. Captain Haw

Several evenings on the ship were spent enjoying homemade entertainment, including the antics of a semi-professional clown.

kins told us that the sailor uses his ears and his eyes to navigate.

Leslie shouted when she saw the seals and we all ran to the rail to watch and listen to them swim and sunbathe around their rocky little island.

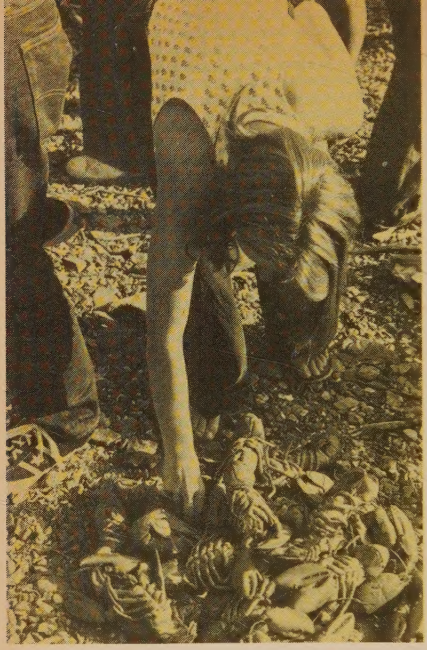
It was a hot, windless day and when we got to Northeast Harbor on Mt. Desert Island, many went swimming to cool off—or rather to freeze off. There were four other schooners anchored in the harbor for the night, as well as a yacht owned by the owner of a Chicago hockey team. It was very beautiful, but it was a fuel-eater. We were glad to be on our wind-driven vessel.

The evening was breathtaking as thin clouds made a beautiful sunset and the moon was almost full. We declared it entertainment night. We laughed at skits, sang with guitars, and enjoyed Joy (a semi-professional clown) in her costume as "Tootsie." We watched her make-up turn Larry into a clown with a broad smile. We clapped and laughed at a silly song by Bob and Fidie, as we enjoyed the way they harmonized in more than song.

After a beautiful night, bed felt very good.

**Wednesday, June 25**

This morning the captain said, "I'm surprised we haven't been hit or we haven't been told to move yet, we've been sitting in the middle of the channel all night."



After steaming in a large pot, lobsters were spilled out on the ground, and each person chose one.

After a delicious blueberry pancake breakfast, we were getting ready to hoist anchor when the *Mattie* decided to be the first schooner out. She had to get around us first, and she cut a little too close. She scraped our port stern, but the most she got was a little of the *Mary Day's* paint.

Our focus for the day was the *rhythms of life.* We compared the many patterns in nature with those in our daily existence. The natural rhythms were very easy to realize as the vessel made its way to Swans Island past rocky coasts, large osprey nests, and ringing buoys.

**"The captain enjoys the windjammer's honesty, natural-ness, and romance in a day of technology."**

As we put into the harbor at Swans Island, a lobster boat met us and a blonde-bearded fisherman asked us, "You the ones want the lobsters?"

"A-yuh," we had learned was the proper reply.

After some stumbling over treacherous coastline paths to comb the beaches for driftwood, we gathered out on the point where Pete and Bill were starting the fire for our dinner. Rocks around the fire held up the large steaming kettle.

In a half-hour or so, the lid was lifted and the very red lobsters were spilled onto the ground. The captain poured the melted butter into small cups and we were invited to pick up some toweling, some butter, and a lobster. We enjoyed the feast. Our cook even had fresh strawberry-rhubarb pie for dessert.

Later, Bill asked, "Anyone get landsick when we went ashore?" We all said, "A-yuh!" We had gained our sea legs and the land

seemed too hard and static. We kept bumping into each other as we walked and our stomachs didn't feel very good for at least the first half-hour.

We decided to have a choice of discussion groups on Thursday, so we put out a sign-up sheet this evening. We had a great variety to pick from: Knots and sailing theory, living in a foster home, macramé workshop, sex and violence in the movies, rock painting, covenantal marriage, religions of the world, harbor-hopping, meeting indigenous people, and backrub techniques (with lab work).

We basked in the beauty of the full moon before curfew tolled.

**Thursday, June 26**

Getting under way seemed to be second nature by now and we took the beautiful weather for granted. We still wished for more wind to experience the ship really moving fast by the power of the wind. But today was not to be that day as we slowly made our way to Buck's Harbor, passing many small rocky islands.

In our discussion that day, we particularly enjoyed hearing Captain Hawkins talk about the *Mary Day* and the history of windjammers. He likes the term "vessel": it describes a hollow container fashioned by people to float.

The *Mary Day's* rigging is traditional, just like windjammers of 100 years ago. Other schooners today have running water, inboard motors, powered winches, but our captain will have none of that. He has tried to keep everything authentic so that we act out the very same motions as our forebears when we hoist the sails. The only anachronisms are the flush heads, the fiberglass-covered oak deck, the battery for electric lights and the marine radio.

The captain says the windjammer represents the last of a long line of evolution—up to the point of modern technology. He enjoys the windjammer's honesty, natural-ness, romance.

The challenge to a sailor, explains the captain, is to work with the wind in the most efficient way. The captain has no particular destination until he feels the direction and force of the wind. He sets a course that will make the greatest use of the wind and the current. The captain enjoys the subtle sensitivity of sailing.

"The unique thing about this cruise is that a group of people must work together to make it happen," observes the captain. "This self-contained community pulls together. It's a group effort that results in movement. I don't know where else you have this particular opportunity!"

We sailed across Jericho Bay, Lazygut Island, and into the Eggemoggin Reach. The most

Part of the excitment of learning to sail the "Mary Day" was racing her against anothe schooner of similar size.

exciting part of the trip was sailing under the Deer Isle-Sedgewick Bridge. It was especially exciting for Drew, Dave, Donna and Larry. They decided to get a bird's-eye view of our ten-foot clearance by climbing to the top of the mast. "You can see the whole deck," they called down. "It's like looking through a fish-eye lens."

It was a great day!

**Friday, June 27**

The great sailing day finally came. It got windy. And we knew what it was to live at a 25-degree angle, moving fast, holding a deck blanket in front of us and being pushed like a sail. We slid across the listing deck. We sat on the booms of each mast and felt the wind and tension in the sail. It very noisy near the mast. On th fors'l boom, we risked intermi tent showers. Standing in th bow, we could get soaked from crashing wave.

As we neared Pulpit Harbor, w saw the *Adventurer,* the on surviving Gloucester fishin

**"We set a course that will make the best use of the wind and the currents; there's a subtle sensitivity to sailing."**

schooner. At 100 feet, she is close enough to the *Mary Day* to make for an even sailing match. The wind had ripped our old fors'l and we had taken it down. The *Adventurer's* captain called on the radio to ask why our fors'l was down. Captain Hawkins said, "We needed some excuse not to have to race with you."

As the *Adventurer* passed us, she lowered her fors'l. The challenge was obvious and we were quick to respond.

"Hoist the fors'l!"

"Bring in the sheets!"

"Man the jibs and the jumbo!"

The *Adventurer* passengers were yelling, "Cheaters!" They quickly raised their fors'l and lowered the tops'l to make it even. She used her lead to good advantage. Captain Hawkins told us the *Mary Day* could come about faster than the *Adventurer* and his strategy was to tack more often and cross his rival's bow to throw her off her tack.

It was a lot of work for the crews on the heads'ls, but it was very exciting. As we narrowly missed their ship, a group of us would cheer and sing songs.

"We've never had a cheering section like this before," Peter said.

The *Adventurer* dropped off her tack and we claimed victory by default. We both sailed downwind to Pulpit Harbor. She was first in, but we were first to get our sails down and be secure for the night. The captain leaned back at the ship's wheel, "Well, that was a hard day at the office."

**"After we gained our sea legs, the land seemed too hard and static and we bumped into each other when we went ashore."**

After dinner we had a songfest. We were treated to some fiddle music by Captain Hawkins accompanied by Carey and Jenny on guitars and Bill on the spoons. Jeff and Sandy also played and sang their originals, and Fidie played the pump organ as we sang, "Blest Be the Tie That Binds."

Later we had a communion service to celebrate our life together. As a confessional, we listed things we'd like to get rid of in our lives and behavior, put them in a weighted bag, and threw them overboard. We also wrote to one another expressing those things that were hard to say. We used a common cup in our communion and administered the bread to one another. Larry led us in a common prayer of thanks and we sang, "They Will Know We Are Christians by Our Love." As we

Captain Hawkins tries to run his schooner as true to the "old days" as possible.

eflected on what the week had meant, we realized how caring a community we had become.

At the end of the service, there were hugs and tears and smiles and kisses and we glowed as we went quietly to our cabins.

**Saturday, June 28**

As each of us poked our heads out this morning, we gasped, "Oh, wow, neat!" A thick fog enshrouded our vessel and we felt we were the only ones on the water. We were excited by the challenge to sail by compass and ear. We hoisted the sails in case a breeze came up outside the harbor, but the calm sea let us know our sails would be useless. In fact, they were in the way of our hearing the many buoys on our way into Camden channel and harbor.

Jeff and Larry took turns blowing the fog horns to let other boats know our position. Captain Hawkins and Peter kept their eyes on the compass and charts. The captain told us there should be a multiple gong off the starboard bow soon, and in a few minutes we heard the varied-toned gong. When we were within 100 feet of it,

The last day of the trip proved to be a foggy one, so two of the boys took turns blowing th foghorn.

we'd watch it appear out of the fog.

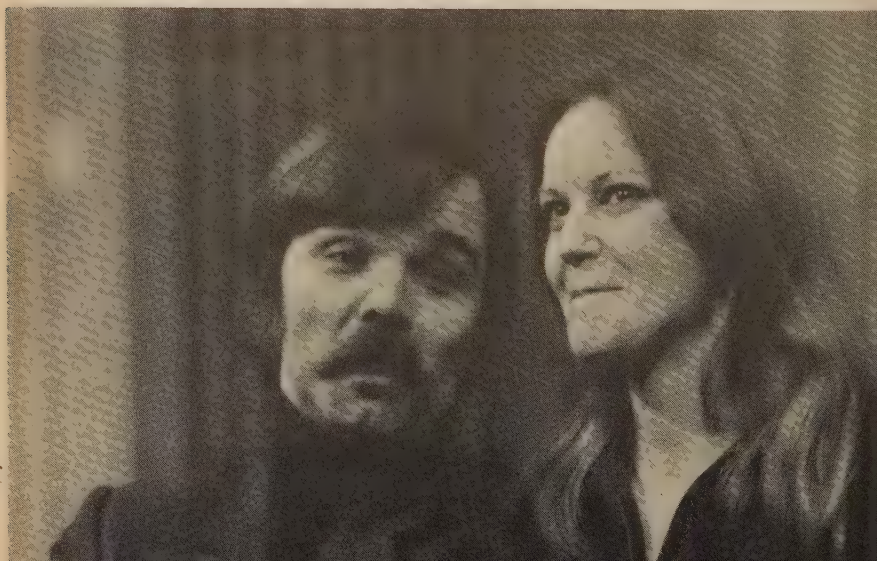
Before we knew it, we were sailing through moorings and boats and the Camden Harbor appeared out of nowhere. The captain's wife (Mary Day) steered as the captain stood on the mains'l and gave her directions.

Tourists lined the dock and this time they saw seasoned sailors who looked like they knew what they were doing. Soon the *Mary Day* was berthed and we were bringing our gear on deck and saying goodbyes, taking pictures, shaking hands, and saying thank-you's, and wondering what ou friends back home would sa about our great tans.

**"The unique thing about this cruise is that a group of people must work together to make it happen."**

# le drugstore

**Playlet by Norman Dietz**



Rhyner

*E DRUGSTORE*

*small shop. Lots of bottles, oxes, jars and flasks. Lots of helves holding them. A counter olding some more of them. A ruggist humming to himself hile shelving stock.*

*nervous customer enters un-een and unheard behind him and urprises him.*

CUSTOMER: Hi there!

RUGGIST: Ooh!

CUSTOMER: Is this the drug-store that's selling those new psychomorphic herbs that everybody's talking about?

RUGGIST: This is the place.

CUSTOMER: Oh good!

RUGGIST: Change your per-sonality overnight.

CUSTOMER: Wowie, boy!

RUGGIST: What can I do for you?

CUSTOMER: I'd like a small bottle of self-confidence, please.

RUGGIST: [*Looking over his stock.*] Self-confidence, eh?

CUSTOMER: It's for a prescrip-tion.

DRUGGIST: I'm sorry but we're all out of self-confidence.

CUSTOMER: My doctor says it's essential.

DRUGGIST: Well, we don't get much call for it anymore.

CUSTOMER: Isn't it important?

DRUGGIST: Most people these days seem to manage without it.

CUSTOMER: I don't think I can.

DRUGGIST: Is that so?

CUSTOMER: My doctor says a little self-confidence takes care of everything.

DRUGGIST: [*Examining his shelves.*] Has to be genuine self-confidence, does it?

CUSTOMER: I think it does.

DRUGGIST: [*Producing a huge container.*] How about a large bottle of enthusiasm? That's on sale.

CUSTOMER: I've got some en-thusiasm, thanks.

DRUGGIST: [*Now beginning a parade of the rest of his stock.*] A little belligerent independence?

CUSTOMER: I'm not the type.

DRUGGIST: [*With a nudge*] It's home-grown, you know.

CUSTOMER: No thanks.

DRUGGIST: [*Saluting*] American-made for American tastes.

CUSTOMER: I don't think so.

DRUGGIST: How about a little nonchalance?

CUSTOMER: I've tried that, it only makes me feel guilty!

DRUGGIST: Try a little devil-may-care.

CUSTOMER: That doesn't work for me.

DRUGGIST: [*With a shrug, producing the smallest container the eye has ever beheld, from under the counter.*] I got a small shipment of concern-for-others in the other day.

CUSTOMER: I can't afford that!

DRUGGIST: That's what everybody says!

CUSTOMER: That's too rich fo my blood.

DRUGGIST: It's not exactly million-seller.

CUSTOMER: Besides, my docto says I need self-confidenc first.

DRUGGIST: Self-confidence, le me see.

CUSTOMER: He says my syster is starved for it.

DRUGGIST: Well, about th closest I think I can come to is overweening pride.

CUSTOMER: Gosh, isn't that little strong?

DRUGGIST: Yes, but it's mor plentiful.

CUSTOMER: Oh. Well, ho much would a little ove weening pride cost me?

DRUGGIST: [*Taking a sma glassine envelope or som thing out of a containe* Lady, this stuff is so popula we're giving away free sam ples.

CUSTOMER: Really?

DRUGGIST: Use it myself, I' proud to say!

CUSTOMER: Gosh, that's impressive. [*Taking it.*] I'll try some.

DRUGGIST: One bag of this and you'll stop worrying about self-confidence forever.

CUSTOMER: Is that a promise?

DRUGGIST: It's a fact of life.

CUSTOMER: In that case, I'll be back for lots more.

DRUGGIST: I think that's safe to assume.

CUSTOMER: My doctor says I lack strong habits.

DRUGGIST: You'll have *one now*!

CUSTOMER: Oh, I couldn't be happier.

DRUGGIST: Just one thing—when you shoot this stuff, watch out!

CUSTOMER: Could an overdose kill me?

DRUGGIST: No, but it could ruin your face.

CUSTOMER: Gosh, that's dangerous!

DRUGGIST: Even a little bit makes some people look ridiculous.

CUSTOMER: Well, thanks for the warning.

DRUGGIST: Don't mention it.

CUSTOMER: And thanks for the free sample.

DRUGGIST: Perfectly all right.

CUSTOMER: I mean I bet some people are paying a *lot* for it!

DRUGGIST: [*Wryly*] Yes. Hahahah!

CUSTOMER: [*Unsure what this hilarity is all about but joining in anyway.*] Hahahah!

[*Blackout.*]

END

(Copyright 1972, Norman D. Dietz)

"Le Drugstore" is the product of a fascinating drama duo—Norman and Sandra Dietz, actor and actress on stage, husband and wife off. Norman writes their material. They begin their 13th year of performing together with a coast-to-coast Bicentennial Tour in the spring of 1976.

Their theatre pieces, often "theologically-tinged humor," examine with a keen, if sometimes jaundiced, eye various facets of the contemporary American scene, focusing on religious, social and philosophic themes.

After recovering from a near-fatal accident, they staged a whirlwind national tour of 45 performances in 90 days in 1975, then, in June, scored a singular success in Atlantic City, N.J., when they premiered their latest work, "The Life Guard and the Mermaid," at the Biennial Convention of the American Baptist Churches, for which the piece had been commissioned.

Dietz is the author of two books of plays: *Fables and Vaudevilles and Plays,* published by John Knox, and *The Life Guard and the Mermaid, and Other American Fables,* published in March 1976 by Judson.

This summer the Dietzes are opening an "old time" ice cream parlor in their hometown, Orient, N.Y., called "The Ice Cream Works," to be the home of a summer playhouse presenting plays by Norman Dietz.

*Caution:* Any performance, oral reading, recording or other presentation of "Le Drugstore," the play printed on these pages, whether public or private, amateur or professional, for charity or gain, is prohibited except when express written permission and royalty terms are secured in advance. Readers are advised not to make any arrangements for presentation of this play before securing permission and terms from: Norman and Sandra Dietz, Box 218, Orient, N.Y. 11957.

(Reading of these plays by the regular membership of classes or study groups of 35 members or less is not subject to royalty, but written permission to perform is required.)

**1000 PENNIES FOR YOUR THOUGHTS ON . . .**

# Quality of Life

We all want a better way of life. But what are we going to do about it? We'd like to hear your ideas for our upcoming "Quality of Life Catalogue."

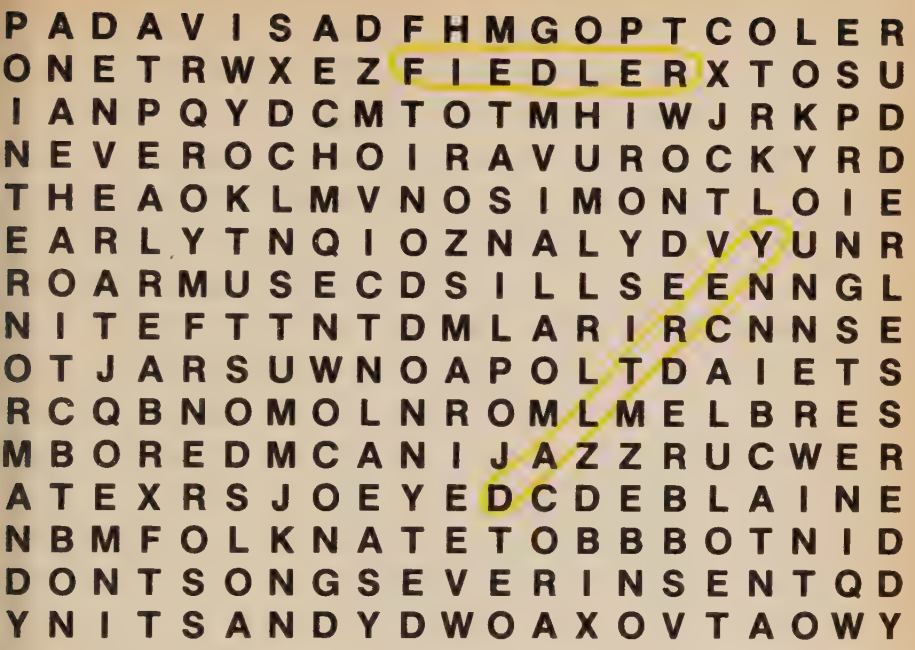
We'll give ten dollars to every contributor whose ideas we print.

- How can we improve the quality of life around us?
- What are you personally doing to improve the quality of life?
- What are other people whom you respect doing about it?
- What has somebody said that really turns you on? What was the quote?
- Who is your model of the best of living today?
- What is your ideal life style?
- What do we need most today to improve the quality of life in our homes, in our neighborhoods, in our nation, or in our world?

Answer any or all of these questions. And mail your ideas, opinions, experiences, drawings, photos, quotes, dreams, models, or activities to: QUALITY OF LIFE, YOUTH Magazine, Room 1203, 1505 Race St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19102.

Send as many items as you wish. *The deadline is June 15, 1976.*

# music makers



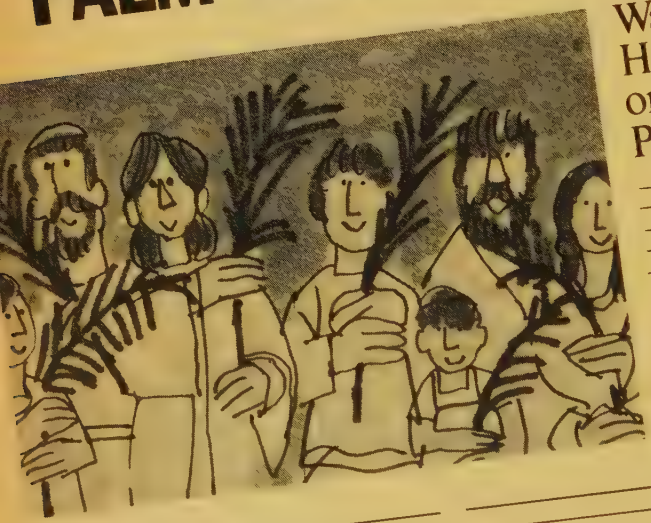

Can you find the hidden last names of 20 contemporary music makers? The names can be found by reading horizontally, vertically, and diagonally, forward and backward, up and down. Here are some clues.

- Star of rock opera, "Tommy," and The Who
- Conductor of the Boston Pops Orchestra
- Most popular soprano with New York's Metropolitan Opera
- Started with Motown's Supremes and recently starred in "Mahogany"
- Queen of Country Western music
- Australian singer of "I Am Woman"
- Her father was "King" and she sings soul "Inseparable"
- Hot lips with Johnny Carson Show
- Female singer with widest range of style and scale
- A Mormon musical family whose kids have hit gold
- "Born to Run" is on the wild side for this publicized singer and writer
- Blindness has sharpened his mastery of composing, instrumentation, and performing
- His songs come out of his professed love for the Rockies
- Ragtime pioneer of early 1900's rediscovered in "The Sting"
- Symphonic conductor and composer, plus music writer for "West Side Story"
- From "Blowin' in the Wind" to "Hurricane" for this musical prophet
- Child prodigy at 15 has hit it big ten years later
- With Art it was a "bridge," but now he's on his own
- Creator of "I Believe in Music"
- Three preacher's daughters once performed as four sisters

SALEM

# DAILY NEWS

## NEW EVIDENCE IN PALM SUNDAY STORY



Was It Hanukkah or Passover?

# RAISE YOUR HOSANNAS!

BY WAYNE B. ROBINSON

How would an investigative reporter, or a detective, research the details of that big week in Jesus' life which started on "Palm Sunday"? The traditional picture that has come down to us today is of a pleasant, peaceful Jesus plodding into Jerusalem on a donkey welcomed by crowds. Yet in a seemingly very brief time he had been publicly executed by Roman soldiers.

What really happened? Of all animals to choose, why choose a donkey? What did Jesus hope to accomplish? Why did the crowds do what they did? How did people get disturbed enough about Jesus to want him out of the way? How could all that happened between "Palm Sunday" and "Good Friday" possibly have happened in those few short days?

The answers are not easy to get at. There is a lot we don't know and never will. Our main resources—the four Gospels—differ in their accounts. Even Mark, the earliest of the four (60 A.D.), was a little fuzzy about things like exactly when, where, and in what order things happened. But if you keep digging, Mark (Chapter 11:1-19) provides a lot of clues which lead to some surprising answers.

The first clue is the animal. Mark says Jesus sent his disciples for an unbroken colt (pōlŏs). If someone sent you for a colt, what would you bring back? A horse, right? Well, that's just what the disciples probably got. The word "colt" (pōlŏs) could mean the offspring of any animal, but when used *alone* it referred to a young horse. But why an unbroken one? Because an unbroken animal was chosen when the person had a task to perform that had a special sacred significance. So already the picture is changing. There's a lot more energy and clearly Jesus was coming up to Jerusalem with a *very special purpose* in mind.

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Dr. Wayne B. Robinson is pastor of First Congregational Church of Robbinsdale (United Church of Christ), Robbinsdale, Minn.

The next clue comes from the crowds who were waving green branches and shouting "Hosanna." Was there some time when they would normally be doing that? Yes, there was. In fact, there were two times—the autumn Festival of Booths, and the Feast of Dedication (Hanukkah) in December. Of the two, the Feast of Dedication is the more likely candidate for being the Festival Jesus was coming up for. This needs a little explanation, especially because it was celebrated differently in Jesus' day than it is now.

The Festival commemorates the cleansing of the Temple by Judas Maccabeaus and his followers in December, 165 B.C.

Three years prior to that, the Syrians had desecrated the Temple by putting an altar to Zeus on the Temple altar and by sacrificing a hog on it, which was an act of unimaginable horror to the Jews. This and other acts of subjugation of the Jewish population triggered the revolt which culminated in the cleansing of the Temple and in political independence. This oppression by the Syrians and the successful revolt under the Maccabeans were at least as significant to the Jews of Jesus' day as the events leading up to our own nation's independence are to us. This was especially true because the Jews in Jesus' day were once again under foreign domination, this time by the Romans.

The festival itself was one which drew pilgrims from all over the country to the Holy City of Jerusalem. The celebration was similar to the fall Festival of Booths or Tabernacles (II Maccabees 10:6-8). Hopes would run high for the coming of the Kingdom of God, for deliverance from the foreign oppression of the Romans just as years previously the Maccabeans had overthrown the Syrians. This time, however, they felt only a miracle of God could make that happen. As the pilgrims neared Jerusalem, they would gather up leafy branches which were called "Hosannas." As they entered Jerusalem on the way to the Temple, they would carry their "hosannas" and sing the "Hallel" (a collection of Psalms), especially Psalm 118:25-27, which reads:

> Save us
> (Hosanna), we beseech thee
> O Lord!
> O Lord, we beseech thee
> give us success!
> Blessed is he (the pilgrim)
> who comes in the name of the
> Lord!
> We bless you from the house
> of the Lord.
> The Lord is God and He has
> given us light.
> Bind the festal procession
> with branches
> Up to the horns of the altar

# ACCOUNTS DIFFER:

## Which Did Jesus Ride?

At the exclamation "Hosanna", the pilgrims would wave their branches. When they got to the Temple, they would offer sacrifices of animals purchased at the Temple from sellers authorized by the Temple authorities.

If you compare this with Mark's account of Jesus' entry into Jerusalem in Chapter 11, the similarities are truly striking. I believe that Jesus intentionally chose this festival to come up to Jerusalem to carry his message to people who were supposed to have been the religious leaders of his time. The place he chose for this confrontation was their front yard, so to speak, the Temple courtyard. In order to understand the nature of the confrontation, we need to follow up on several other clues.

First, Jesus was in all likelihood thoroughly familiar with Jerusalem and the Temple. As the son of a faithful Jewish family, he had been a frequent visitor there at festival time from childhood on. He knew the city so well by the age of 12 that his parents felt confident leaving him on his own during their stay there (Luke 2:41ff.). During his many visits to Jerusalem, he would have had ample opportunity to observe

what went on at festival time, including the activities of the sellers of sacrificial animals and money-changers who did their business in the Temple precincts. These people were agents of the Temple authorities. The only animals acceptable for sacrifice were the ones sold by them and the only money you could use to buy these animals had to be purchased from them also. So there was a double monopoly, which was used to enhance the fortunes of the Temple authorities. There was a lot of resentment among the Jewish people in general about this exploitation. Jesus apparently shared this. But what he objected to just as much was the place where this trade was carried on, namely the Court of Gentiles, which was supposed to have been reserved for the non-Jewish people to worship.

This leads us then directly to the special, sacred task for which Jesus rode into Jerusalem on an unbroken animal. Just as he had called the people of the land to repentance (to change their behavior) throughout his ministry, so now he was going up to the Holy City to challenge the people who were supposed to be religious leaders—the chief priests—to challenge them to repent as well. So he went up to the Temple, drove the money-changers and animal-sellers from the Court of the Gentiles, stopped people from using that area as a short cut (11:16) and, recalling two of Israel's greatest prophets Isaiah (56:7) and Jeremiah (7:11), he challenged the Temple authorities to stop exploiting the pilgrims and to restore the Court of Gentiles to its proper use—as a place of worship "for all nations."

You'll remember that the Feast of Dedication was instituted to celebrate the cleansing of the Temple by Jews from its desecration by the Gentiles. Jesus dramatically turns this around and attempts to cleanse the Temple from its desecration by people who were supposed to have been religious *leaders*—a desecration which included shutting the Gentiles out from their rightful place in the Temple and by implication their rightful place in the promise of God (Isaiah 2:2-4).

And in the Apocryphal history of the Maccabees, you read in II Maccabees 10, where after cleansing the Temple in 165 B.C., Judas Maccabeaus prays that "the Lord not let them fall any more into such disasters (as the Syrian desecration of the Temple, etc.), but, should they ever happen to sin, to discipline them himself with clemency and not hand them over to blasphemous and barbarous Gentiles." Did Jesus then see himself as the agent of God's "discipline"?

I think he did. Much as morally sensitive Americans have been

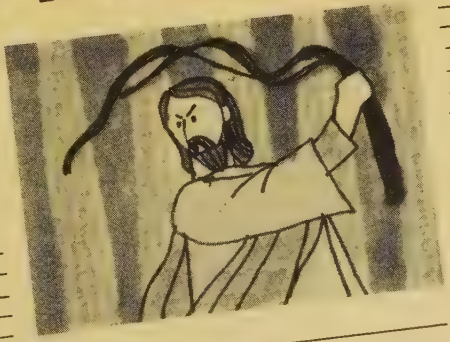
distressed to find their leaders engaging in political espionage and the like (leaders from whom they rightfully expect political *and* moral leadership), so Jesus was distressed at people not living up to the rightfully expected standards of religious and moral leadership. And he attempted to do something about that. But it was more than that.

Throughout his ministry, Jesus had reached out and included people who were written off and put down (women, children, tax collectors—even enemies!). It is fitting indeed, that his last great dramatic act should be an attempt to include the Gentiles, who were at the time excluded.

If we were to take this seriously for ourselves in the present time, we'd have to ask ourselves who *we* are excluding, writing off, putting down. And then we'd have to change—allow our own "Temples" (our hearts and minds, our homes, our churches, our schools, etc.) to be cleansed and opened up. The question is whether we're willing to allow that to happen in our lives, or whether—like the chief priests of Jesus' time—we'd try to get rid of the challenge to change. □

# WHAT REALLY HAPPENED IN THE TEMPLE?

## Religious Leaders Challenged



# here comes the sun

Sandy Bauer

# Touch and Go

**Who's Cuckoo?**
Lewis Archbald's review of "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest" (February 1976) reminded me of Ken Kesey's view of why he was against abortion, as described in Tom Wolfe's *Merry Pranksters.* It stemmed from his work in the wards of a mental hospital where he took care of human relics whom everyone thought better off dead. Only Kesey learned to think differently in that experience. It was very moving. —D. S., Media, Pa.

**Needed: A Conscience**
Your interview with the sons of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg (January 1976) was timely, provocative, and brave. As a teacher in high school, I was pleased to have one of my students show me that article and I was surprised, but happy, to know that a church-related publication dared to deal with such issues. You have a moral conscience. That's the stuff of which our nation was built and that's what our youth need more of today.
—A. T., Paoli, Pa.

**Black Is Beautiful!**
As we celebrate our nation's Bicentennial, I hope that we won't forget the contributions of such ethnic groups as the Indians, the Blacks, the Chicanos, etc. That's why I really appreciated your Amistad II portfolio of black artists throughout U.S. history in the December 1975 issue. More, please!
—J. F., New York, N.Y.

**Differing Canadian Views**
Thanks for your January 1976 issue—it is terrific! The message on "Love" by Wayne Robinson is so great that I want to share it with others. Enclosed is money for extra copies. Our whole family reads your magazine, then it goes to our church's literature rack. —J. S., Victoria, B.C.

I am renewing my subscription, but I have some comments. I find your magazine recently less helpful for the young people and harder to get them to read it. It seems to have lost its freeing-growth-creative-feeling character and has become heady and remote.

The Brunner cartoons, for example, are flat and crummy. The new Bible articles by Wayne Robinson are in youth language but very little is said that is thought-provoking and enlightening. I feel the former series was superior in content and approach.

I feel that the issues during the religious holidays ought to be more celebrative of these high occasions.

The high points this past year were the articles on the Friendship Teams (January 1975), science fiction (February 1975) and the special hunger issue (July-August 1975). Thank you for listening.
—S. M., Leduc, Alberta

I'm cancelling my subscription to your magazine because it is too worldly and not Christian-oriented. Only the hunger issue (July-August 1975) had merit.
—C. R., Cowichan, B.C.

Most publications originating in the United States are frowned upon by Canadians, but yours is one I can enjoy. You occasionally get very "American," but usually you're truly ecumenical, which means universal in meaning and international in interest. —S. R., Toronto, Ont.

**Right for Giving**
We give YOUTH Magazine to our high school juniors and seniors and they are finding it to be just right for their leisure reading. Thank you for publishing such a fine magazine for high school youth.
—P. B., Glenwood, Minn.

Your magazine is lively, stimulating, and informative. Bless you! I'd like to give a subscription to two friends of mine—one a college freshman and the other a high school junior. Please, please continue!
—M. G., Cleveland, Ohio

**Teen Letter-Writers Arise!**
A lot of your letters sound like they come from adults, not kids. As a young reader, I'd like to hear from more kids. I personally read every issue of your magazine and think it's neat! I never miss the cartoons! And I like to know what other kids are thinking and doing. What do other kids think about the magazine?
—A. K., San Diego, Calif.

**Posters, Anyone?**
Are any of Doug Brunner's cartoons available in poster form? If so, at what cost and which one? —A. B., Princeton, III.

*Editor's Note:* None of Doug's cartoons have been posterized but if you wish to pay the cost of having it done, we could do it individually for whatever one you prefer and at whatever size you request.

**DON'T MISS THE PULL-OUT POSTER!**
**Turn back to pages 32 and 33, and release the staples. Remove those two pages, without tearing, and presto! you've got an Easter poster for display—in your window, on your bulletin board, on your wall—or give it to a friend.**

# What's Coming?

**Bush League**
**Most young athletes aim for the big leagues but never get that far.**

**Youth at Nairobi**
**How youth delegates interpret the crises faced by the world church at a recent African meeting.**

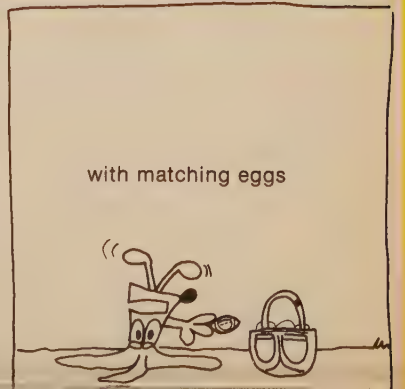
**Bicentennial Binge**
**Why is so much of our celebrating a looking back and not a looking ahead?**

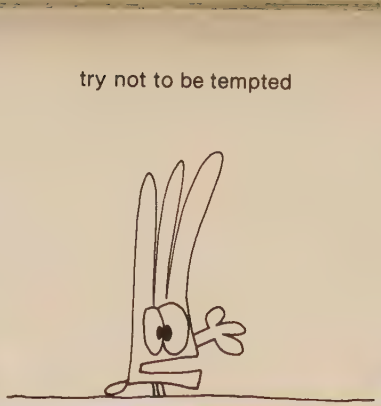
**Money is not for saving**
**Money is something we touch daily, yet it is the most complex, misunderstood, and controversial topic in our lives. A special issue tackles this topic.**

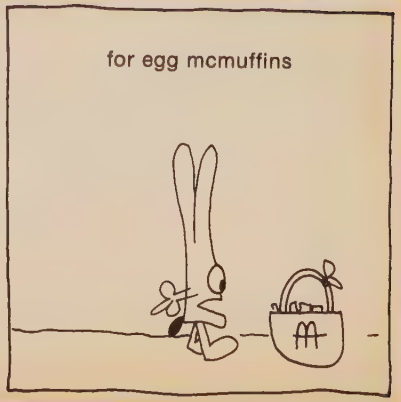
**Favorite Candidate**
**Our readers tell us who their favorite candidate for President of the United States will be.**

# Springing into Spring

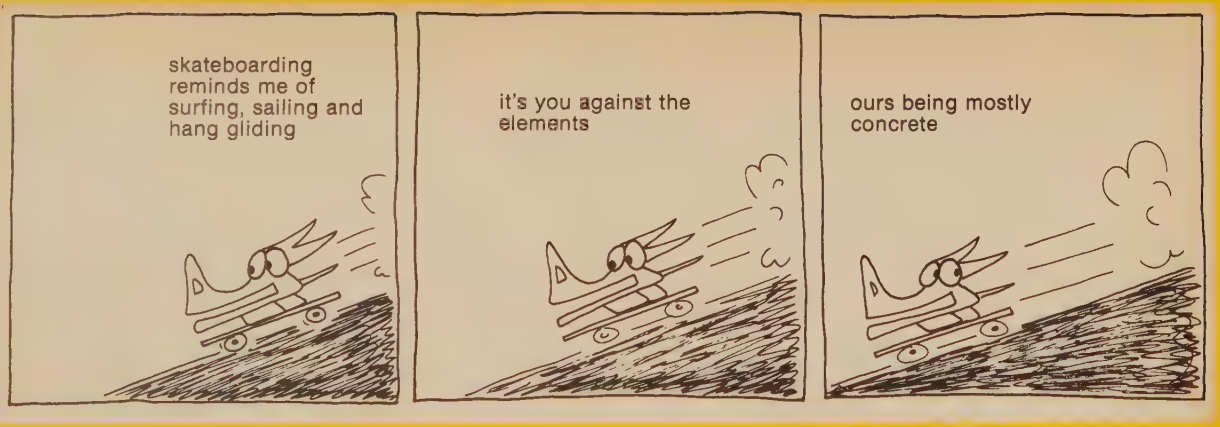
Paperclips by Doug Brunner

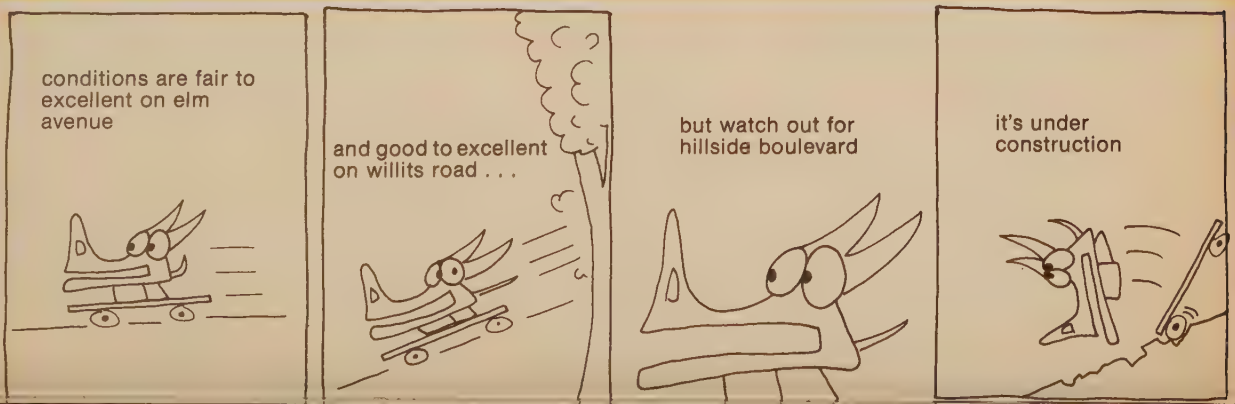




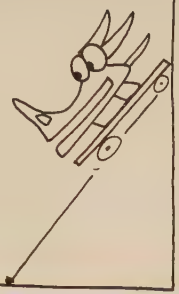



© 1976 Doug Brunner

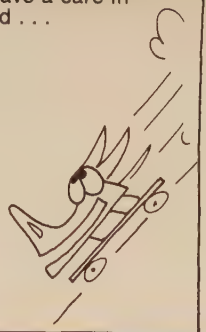

skateboarding reminds me of surfing, sailing and hang gliding
it's you against the elements
ours being mostly concrete


conditions are fair to excellent on elm avenue
and good to excellent on willits road . . .
but watch out for hillside boulevard
it's under construction

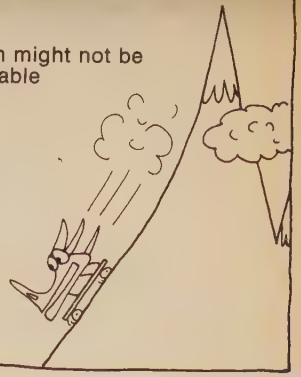
when i make a run down a slope



i don't have a care in the world . . .



which might not be advisable



i skateboarded to class

and it got me here pretty fast . . .

considering all the people who got in my way

dear mr. elton john, is it all right if i call you elton?

good, now that we know each other . . .

will you marry me?

dear elton . . .

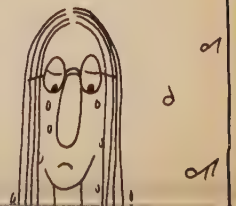
i love your outrageous outfits and all those cute glasses you own . . .

love, gwen

p.s. i also like your music

darling elton, why haven't you ever replied . . .
i've written 20 letters so far . . .

please don't lead me on like this . . .



i'm sorry to have to write you a dear elton john letter . . .
but i've found another rock star
p.s. i even exchanged your last album . . .
dear elton: the new rock star i've found is henry
he plays with a local group and they're super . . .
he might not be as famous as you yet
but he dedicates songs to me
©Runner

"The Old Blackburn," photo by Diana Nolte, Blackburn, Mo.

# IT'S YOUR LAST CHANCE!

Have you gotten in contact with that unique part of you that is creative? Every one of us has the seeds of poetry, or art, or perhaps a terrific photo within us (not to mention crafts, cooking, music, or creative relationships, to name only a few). If your style leans toward writing or visual arts—anything which can be reproduced in YOUTH—this is your last chance to enter the 1976 Creative Arts Awards! Just follow the rules and guidelines below, and if your entry is a winner, you'll receive $25 in prize money, and it will appear in the special Creative Arts issue of YOUTH.

**Creative Writing**
Just about anything goes here—poetry, fiction, essays, plays, editorials, humor, satire, true-to-life stories—whatever form you like and feel you're best at.

**Art Work**
We welcome any type of art work that can be reproduced in YOUTH. This includes paintings, sketches, mosaics, prints, gags or editorial cartoons, story illustrations, graphic designs, or abstract art—any artistic expression of your own ideas or feelings. Because of mailing limitations, art work should not be larger than 12" x 15" nor smaller than 4" x 5".

**Photography**
Your print (or prints) should be black and white, and no larger than 12" x 15" nor smaller than 4" x 5". You do not have to do your own developing and printing to enter in this category.

**Sculpture**
If you've done a mobile, paper folding, wood carving or any piece of sculpture which you'd like to submit, send us photographs which best present all the dimensions of your work.

**Here are rules and guidelines:**

1. You must be between 13 and 19 years of age to enter.
2. Your entry must be your original work. It may be something you've done as a school assignment, for your own enjoyment, or especially for the contest, but it must be your own.
3. You may submit a total of five entries, but please mail them all together, if possible.
4. Identify each entry with the title of the work, the media you are using, your name, age and address. Place this information in the upper right corner of each writing entry, and on the back of each photograph or piece of art work you send.
5. Submit writing entries on 8½" x 11" sheets of paper. CREATIVE WRITING ENTRIES CANNOT BE RETURNED. So please keep a copy of your work.
6. All entries must be mailed by May 3, 1976.
7. Send your original entries to: CREATIVE ARTS AWARDS, YOUTH Magazine, Room 1203, 1503 Race St., Phila., Pa. 19102. After the judging is completed all entries other than Creative Writing will be returned.

The Bettmann Archive, Inc.

# THE STORY OF DAVID

**Part I: David and Saul—April 9 (ABC-TV); 9-11 pm ET**

**Part II: David the King—April 11 (ABC-TV); 9-11 pm ET**

Television photos courtesy of ABC-TV

Timothy Bottoms plays David as a young man.

BY FREDERIC A. BRUSSAT

David is one of the most colorful and prominent figures in the Old Testament. He was Israel's greatest king, an accomplished warrior, a skillful diplomat, a sensitive poet-musician, and a man of deep religious faith. Prophets would proclaim him the forerunner of Christ, the true king to come. Reading the scriptural passages on his life in I and II Samuel and I Kings, one canno

help but be emotionally stirred by the dramatic nature of his life.

These same feelings swept over Mildred Freed Alberg some time ago. After the success of her first Biblical drama for television, "The Story of Jacob and Joseph," she decided to tackle the story of David as well. The four-hour presentation was filmed in Israel, written by Ernest Kinoy and directed by David Lowell Rich. Timothy Bottoms ("Johnny Got His Gun," "The Last Picture Show," "The Paper Chase") portrays David as the young man and warrior. Keith Mitchell (Jacob in "The Story of Jacob and Joseph") is seen as David the King. Anthony Quayle, another British actor, appears as King Saul, David's predecessor and adversary. Jane Seymour is Bathsheba, and Susan Hampshire ("The Forsyte Saga") plays Princess Michal, David's first wife.

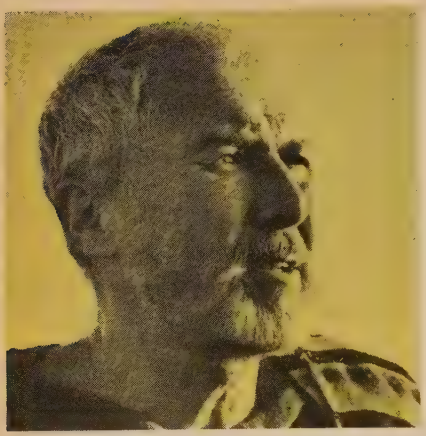
Part I covers the major incidents in the early life of David: his presence in the court of King Saul as a musician and armor-bearer; his combat with Goliath; his adventures as a fugitive fleeing from the angry King; his friendship with Jonathan; and his honorable response to Saul's downfall. In the "David the King" segment, we watch as the ambitious ruler creates a great empire beyond the confines of the Israelite tribes with a capital, court, royal residence, and unity of purpose. David reigned with a sense of wisdom, but not without falling into sin. Through his court historians he put on open display both his faults and accomplishments. In this movie-made-for-TV, we see before us a great but vulnerable man.

We recently talked to Ms. Alberg in New York City about "The Story of David":

*What made you pick David as the focus for your second Biblical drama?*

Well, candidly, because I think it's one of the easiest to do—the story is so dramatic. It's also a turning point in the Bible. Up until David's time the Bible was based on oral traditions. With David we have an eyewitness account of the era. He brought the scribes into Jerusalem to take down what was happening; he himself appointed a scribe for the court. Thus, we

Frederic A. Brussat is editor of the *Cultural Information Service*, and a minister of the United Church of Christ.



Actor Anthony Quayle portrays King Saul during his fall from power.

have a picture of a real man, of great charm and ability but also of human passions and frailties. His good and bad points are described openly and without bias. And that is rare for court historians of any age!

*What understanding of history and themselves would you like people to take away from viewing "The Story of David"?*
I would like them to understand the fact that even though David had reached the highest pinnacles of power—his reign was called the Golden Age of Jerusalem—and even though he felt very close to Yahweh, he was a man willing to admit his errors and repent. This makes him very endearing. He did some awful things but when Nathan called him for them, he didn't say, "That's a lie." He accepted the judgment on his wrongdoings.

Somebody has said that what we need today is a Nathan. Perhaps we also need a David—the kind of leader who can admit his guilt. He was great because he could listen when someone told him he had done wrong. David often followed his passions and he paid for it too. From the time he killed Uriah on, the story for him went downhill.

*How do you think people will respond to the sex and violence at the heart of David's story?*
They did act that way in those days! We don't dwell on the sex and violence but we indicate it. We would be doing an injustice to the Biblical accounts if we made the story lily-livered white. Many people will find the Bathsheba-Uriah episode rather incredible! But if they do, they don't know their Bible, do they? I think it's just fine for individuals to realize what flesh-and-blood people these Biblical characters really were. Once we understand them as people, the whole story becomes so much more exciting.

## QUESTIONS FOR CONVERSATION AND THOUGHT

### On Part I: David and Saul

1. "The Story of David" opens with the Michelangelo head of David contrasted to a photograph of Timothy Bottoms as David. Viewers might want to think about Irving Stone's Michelangelo who in *The Agony and the Ecstasy* decides he will sculpt David as "a glorious creation capable of beauty, strength, courage, wisdom, faith in his own kind, with a brain and will and inner power to fashion a world filled with the fruit of man's creative intellect. His David would be Apollo, but considerably more; Hercules, but considerably more; Adam, but considerably more; the most fully realized man the world had ever seen." This marble sculpture has been regarded as one of the most remarkable art works of all time. What sides of David do you see here? Throughout his lifetime he would be a fighter—a man forever under strain. When did David become heroic?

The music score by Lawrence Rosenthal gives viewers a sense of David's musical and poetic abilities.

2. In the first segment, music by Lawrence Rosenthal adds a pleasant touch to depict David's musical-poetic abilities. Does Timothy Bottoms convey to you the sense of the youthful David described in I Samuel 16:18 as "skillful in playing, a man of valor, a man of war, prudent in speech, and a man of good presence; and the Lord is with him."

3. Some Old Testament scholars have claimed that Saul is one of

the truly tragic characters in the Bible. Do you think his fall from power is tragic? Are you sympathetic to his problems or not?

4. We learn a hint or two about Saul's flaw in I Samuel 15:17 where the prophet says to him "Though you are little in your own eyes, are you not the head of the tribes of Israel?" Could his personal insecurity be a result of little faith in Yahweh?

5. Often we try to fit God's actions into our own sense of justice. How would you respond to an individual who claims that it wasn't fair to Yahweh to send an evil spirit to torment Saul? (I Samuel 16:14).

6. Were you happy or unhappy with the way David's singing of Psalm 23 is handled? How does the battle between David and Goliath stack up against what you had expected it to be like?

7. What does David's response to the deaths of Saul and Jonathan say about his basic character?

David and his first wife, Michal, are portrayed as adults by Keith Mitchell and Susan Hampshire.

**On Part II: David the King**

1. A new kind of historical tradition begins with David as King. Share your responses to the scene between the king and his scribes when he says:

*I warn you, scribe, let that wonder come through your Phoenician chicken tracks on sheep skin. Do not let the singers, and the storytellers, and the dreamers be elbowed out by your priestly "begettings of the generations." And do not bleach out the souls of our fathers to a fish-belly white. Write down their sin, their stubbornness, their weakness . . . for that makes them men.*

2. Samuel to Saul and Nathan to David were prophets who summoned their kings to justice and obedience to God's law. What made Samuel and Nathan's words so authoritative? Do you think God sent these men as counselors to keep in check the vanity of kings? Who plays this role for our leaders today?

3. At one point, David asks Yahweh: "Which is David . . . the warrior who wades in the blood of his enemies . . . or the fool who weeps when he sees Jonathan's eyes in a crippled boy?" What does this scene indicate about David's self-knowledge? Which of the two sides is the real David? Has your faith helped you determine which of your many selves is the real you?

4. If a minister of your congregation committed what David did with Bathsheba and Uriah her husband, how would you deal with him?

5. Has political power changed much since Biblical times? Respond to Abner's statement: "You and I know it takes more than a prophet's horn of oil to make a king. We know it takes spear points and politics and lies."

6. In a passage from II Samuel 23, David puts forward a vision of the just king: "When one rules justly over men, ruling in the fear of God, he dawns on them like the morning light, like the sun shining forth upon a cloudless morning, like rain that makes grass to sprout from the earth." Do you think David lived up to his vision? □

# EDITOR'S NOTE

Selective Service in "Deep Standby"

"Our plans in fiscal year 1976 to hold an annual registration have been terminated," reported Byron V. Pepitone, Director of Selective Service System, in testimony on January 21, 1976, before the House Armed Services Committee Investigations Subcommittee. "All future actions with respect to registration and ongoing processing of registrants are also suspended until it becomes necessary for the President to again ask Congress for the authority to induct. We will reduce the organization of the Selective Service System to a nucleus with the responsibility for manpower procurement planning as its sole function."

This means cancellation of plans for a mass annual registration, as discussed by Mr. Pepitone in an interview in the March 1976 issue of YOUTH Magazine. His January 21 testimony was implemented on January 27 by instructions from Selective Service to its state and local offices.

This action means that, unless there is a national emergency or unless a new registration policy is adopted, no young man will be required to register with Selective Service. The number of Selective Service staff will be cut to 100 and offices below the state level will be closed. This has been termed a "deep standby," meaning Selective Service has not been eliminated but could be reactivated.

Observers note, however, that because these moves were the result of cuts in 1977 budget proposals by President Gerald Ford and because Congress is still debating the 1977 budget, the future of registration and Selective Service will not be settled until the budget for fiscal year 1977 is settled.

Meanwhile, all young men who have turned 18 since March 3, 1975, and who have not registered need not worry about registering.

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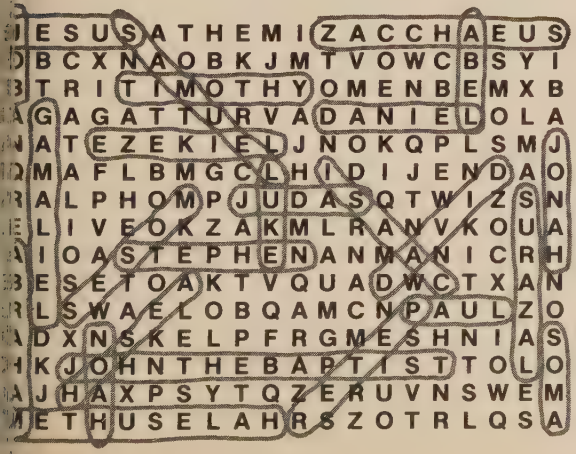
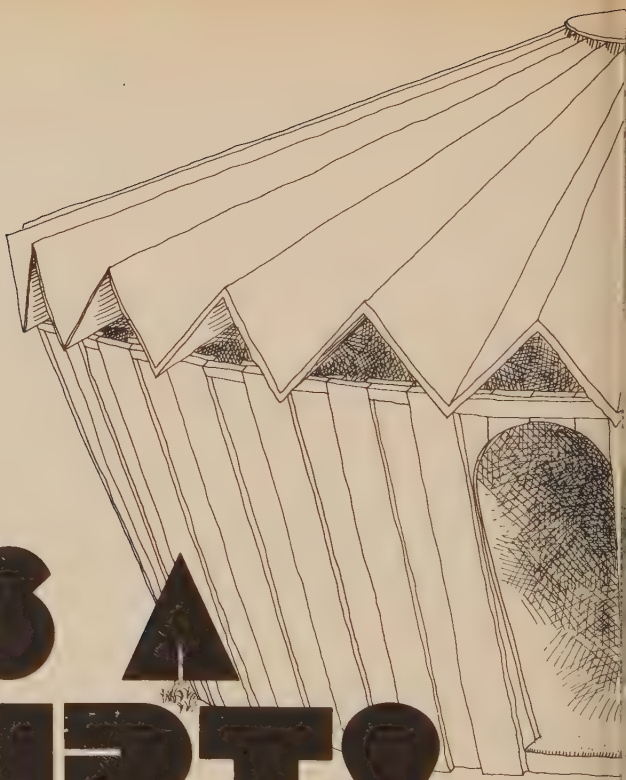
Here is the answer to the March puzzle. The 25 men of the Bible who were included are:




Jesus
Paul
Moses
Luke
Lazarus
Abraham
Amos
Daniel
Judas
Jonah
Ezekiel
Isaac
Gamaliel
Job
John the Baptist
David
Methuselah
Peter
Abel
Hosea
Noah
Samuel
Stephen
Timothy
Zacchaeus



**IT'S A BIRD!**

**IT'S A PLANE!**

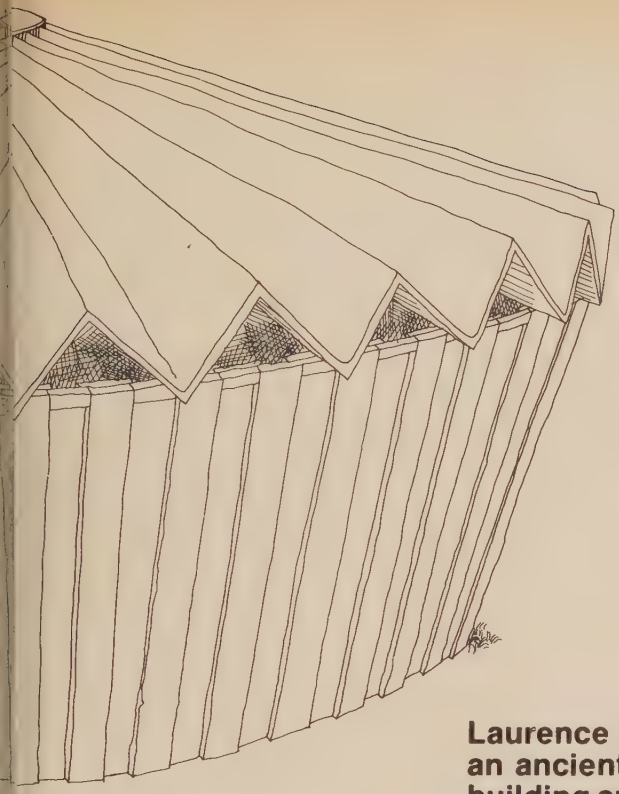
# IT'S A YURT!

There just might be a Yurt in your future! A what? When you first heard the word, "Yurt," did you smile, laugh, make a bad pun, or just ask the question, "A what?"

A Yurt is easy to build and not expensive. A group of 10 to 12 people could erect a standard Yurt (17 feet in diameter at the eaves) in three to four days at a cost of $500 to $800. Depending on its size, a Yurt *could* become a summer shelter, a sauna, a small library, a camp cottage, student housing, a small church, a private studio, a day-care center, or whatever you desire.

Okay, but, "What's a Yurt?"

Until recently, few people in the Western world even knew that



## Laurence Becker tells how an ancient concept of building among Mongolians is being adapted in North America

such a thing as a Yurt existed. Yet for centuries, Mongolian nomads have been living in circular tents made of light poles and thick felt, bound by a simple, yet strong, rope of yak hair or sheep's wool, encircling the building at the eaves and supporting the outward thrust of the roof.

These ancient roaming herdsmen, who needed a light-weight, portable, yet sturdy and warm, structure to live in as they followed their herds, seem to have been the first people to develop

---

Laurence Becker, who is a Southern Presbyterian teacher at an Episcopal high school in Austin, Tex., is on leave of absence and working for the Yurt Foundation, Inc., in Maine.

Mike Newman

Presbyterian youth in Plano, Tex., constructed a Yurt with funds they helped to raise. It was the first building on their new church site.

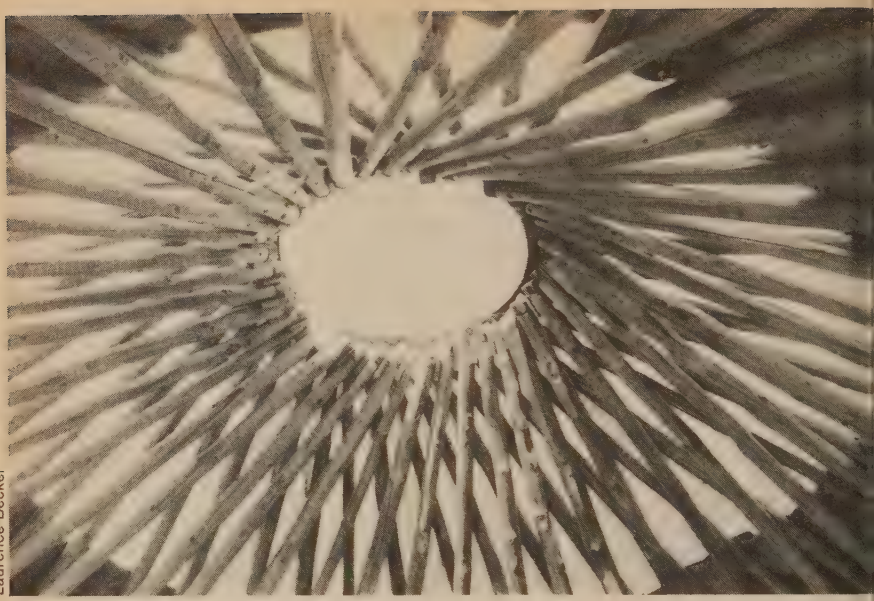
**The Yurt is easy to build, inexpensive, and practical for many uses. It's an ideal youth project.**

for housing the same tension-band principle we use to make wooden barrels and silos. The Mongolians call their structures Yurts.

It wasn't until 1962, when the imaginative eye of William S. Coperthwaite, a teacher at the Meeting School in Ringe, N.H., saw color pictures of Yurts in the *National Geographic Magazine*, that he was struck by the possibilities of a whole new concept in individually-designed shelters. Using the ancient principles of the tension band, central skylight, and low profile, combined with the modern materials of milled lumber, tempered glass, and high-strength steel cable, Bill designed and built the first contemporary Yurt in 1964.

His contribution to Yurt design has been to simplify and to diversify—to reduce the complexity of the structure to its basic essentials so that a plan could be

Young people and their fathers cooperated to build this youth Yurt in Plano, which will accommodate up to 40 people.



Laurence Becker

Looking up through the skylight of an early pole Yurt.

**"The Yurt promotes a feeling of harmony with nature while having adequate living space."**

devised and shared with others, who with minimal carpentry skills, could build their own structure, or, better still, improvise on the original plan in order to come up with their own creative design.

"The purpose of the Yurt is to promote a feeling of being in harmony with nature while having adequate living space," explains the designer. "The outward slop of the wall and the low eaves hel the Yurt to blend with the land scape. The curving form gives a little resistance to the eyes as t the wind. The outer appearance i deceptive; it seems a tiny spac . . . and yet inside the structure you are surprised to find not onl head room but spaciousness."

Bill Coperthwaite continues "Perhaps the Yurt's most satisfy ing quality is the effect it has ha on the majority of people wh have visited it. They talk not onl about the beauty of the enclose space but also about the space a

an environment for group interaction. . . . At a time when visual pollution is so great, it is of extreme importance to develop sensitivity to environmental quality. The spatial quality of the Yurt is conducive to discussion. The circular structure just naturally brings people into a face-to-face relationship."

It was at a communication workshop for teachers that I first met Bill. I quickly became convinced that many of the students and faculty back home at St. Stephen's Episcopal School in Austin, Tex. would be just as energized by his approach to learning and knowledge as I had been. At my invitation, Bill became the school's first Craftsman in Residence and directed a workshop which would build the first Yurt in Texas.

What started out at St. Stephen's as a Middle School project quickly developed into a wider involvement of students. An English class did "An Experiment in Communication" (publicity, newspaper articles, a TV interview with Bill on "Men and Ideas,"

Two 20-foot diameter Yurts at the Presbyterian Conference Center, Mo-Rance, in Hunt, Tex., will be used as staff housing for the summer. These incorporate the "flying roof" design.

**"The circular structure of the Yurt just naturally brings people into a face-to-face relationship."**

and a production of a super 8 mm film of the workshop).

Eventually, what happened at St. Stephen's was a three-day Yurt-raising party involving over 100 people (students, teachers, parents, and friends from as far away as Dallas—200 miles). The workshop was much more than a mere construction project. It was an event in which no job was too small or unimportant to the whole. It was a time of work and play and learning together without competition or the usual division between teacher—student—parent. During the three days (the Yurt was built in one weekend at a cost of $800 for all new materials), participants used many different hand tools, solved mathematical and physical problems together, examined Eskimo artifacts, worked with leather to make pillows and cushions, saw films as a part of a Folk Art Film Festival, and as a result came away with a deeper sense of their own worth and the worth of other cultures and peoples.

A clear example of the discovery, or perhaps the recovery, of worth was found in my conversation with an eighth grade student whose mother had participated in the whole workshop. "David," I said, "your mom is some carpenter." "Yeah," he replied with wide-eyed admiration and a deeper affection, "I didn't know she could do all of that!"

During the workshop, Bill was constantly in motion, like a symphony conductor in concert—encouraging, correcting, starting one section, keeping another going—always aware of the rhythms at work in people and tools and materials.

"When the Yurt was up," summarized Viola Canales, a tenth grader, "Bill and his project made us feel and realize that we had accomplished something which we probably believed we were not capable of doing."

The spin-offs—the ripples—were many: Hundreds of visitors have come to the school to visit the Yurt. Many students and others have begun to take seriously the possibility of designing their own living and learning. Within a month five more Yurts were begun within a few miles of the school. This new community of Yurts includes a large concentric (two-story) Yurt, three standard Yurts (all of new and different roof designs), and a small bathroom Yurt. One of these standard Yurts was designed and built by David Gaddis, a tenth grade student at St. Stephen's who had

worked on the first Yurt and was inspired to build a "first" himself—his was the first Yurt ever with an undulating roof. To mentally and physically design and build your own "living space" is what education is (or certainly should be) all about.

"Some people feel that kids today just don't want to work," says Bill Coperthwaite. "I say they haven't had the opportunity for training. I think true work is a skill that people can learn if they come to want to . . . but until they really enjoy the act—the way their bodies feel when they've finished some physical task—they will not see the beauty of labor. The dominant culture gives a youth work to do and only tells him or her that 'work is good for you,' instead of showing him or her the joy of being needed or the pleasure of accomplishment."

The next Yurt workshop to be held in Texas took place in March a year ago at Mo-Ranch, the Presbyterian Conference Center in the hill country near Hunt, about 80 miles west of San Antonio. Over 75 people (individ-

David Gaddis uses a folding handle draw-knife to shape one of the wall panels for the St. Stephen's Yurt. Cecile Richards holds it steady.

**"Youth like to work, but the culture hasn't shown them the beauty of labor nor the joy of accomplishment."**

uals and whole families) came from all over Texas, Arkansas, and Oklahoma. The flying roof, a new design, resulted as two, nine-sided, twenty-foot-in-diameter Yurts were built to be used for summer staff housing.

After the workshop, one participant, the Rev. L. Maurice Barnett, of the newly-formed West Plano Presbyterian Church (a suburb of Dallas), made a suggestion to the youth of his church, "if you can raise half of the money, perhaps the church session can be challenged to put up the other half, and you can build your own permanent youth building." One result of their enthusiasm, planning and long, hard work—their very own Yurt—was dedicated eight months later as the first permanent structure on their new church site.

Who knows? Perhaps next in the continuing evolution of the modern Yurt will be your design.

The options, therefore, for social design come not only from other cultures, but also from within our own. "Traditional knowledge is the product of untold generations of handing down from father and mother to son and daughter," observes Bi "Once that chain is broken, th knowledge is lost forever. Toda folk knowledge is not considere essential by the mass culture an thus the old skills and crafts a rapidly dying. If this valuab knowledge can be sought out an learned while it is still bein transmitted, then we too ca become part of the chain . . . I wa to learn all I can both from th wisdom of our forebears and fro recent discoveries, and to blen this knowledge for the creation a more beautiful world."

The Yurt is one example of th

St. Stephen's Episcopal School held the first Yurt workshop, and built the first Yurt, in Texas. At left, Bill Coperthwaite (in center) directs putting steel cable into place.

Nancy Scanlan

**"Contact with the primary forces of nature is the best way I know to build a more stable life."**

cultural blending. But more such links are needed. Thus the Yurt has become a symbol of the work of the Yurt Foundation, a non-profit educational corporation located in Bucks Harbor, Maine, whose purpose is to collect folk knowledge from the world-at-large and through experimentation blend this information with modern knowledge to create a reservoir of ideas for those seeking to design simpler ways of living for today. The folk material collected, including tools, craft work, and written material, is housed in the new Yurt Library at Bucks Harbor built in 1974 during a workshop in Social Design sponsored by Earlham College.

For those interested in further information about Yurts, write to the Yurt Foundation, Bucks Harbor, Maine, 04618. The following items are available: Plans for The Standard Yurt (17 feet in diameter at eaves), $3.50; The Concentric Yurt (this two-story Yurt is 32 feet in diameter at eaves and is used in conjunction with the Standard plan), $5.00; The Little Yurt (12 feet in diameter at eaves), $3.50; the 1976 Yurt Foundation Calendar (with photos of a variety of new Yurt designs), $3.50. Bill Coperthwaite is also available to lead workshops in Yurt building and social design. All proceeds from the sale of Yurt plans, of calendars, and of workshop fees go to the support of the research of the Foundation.

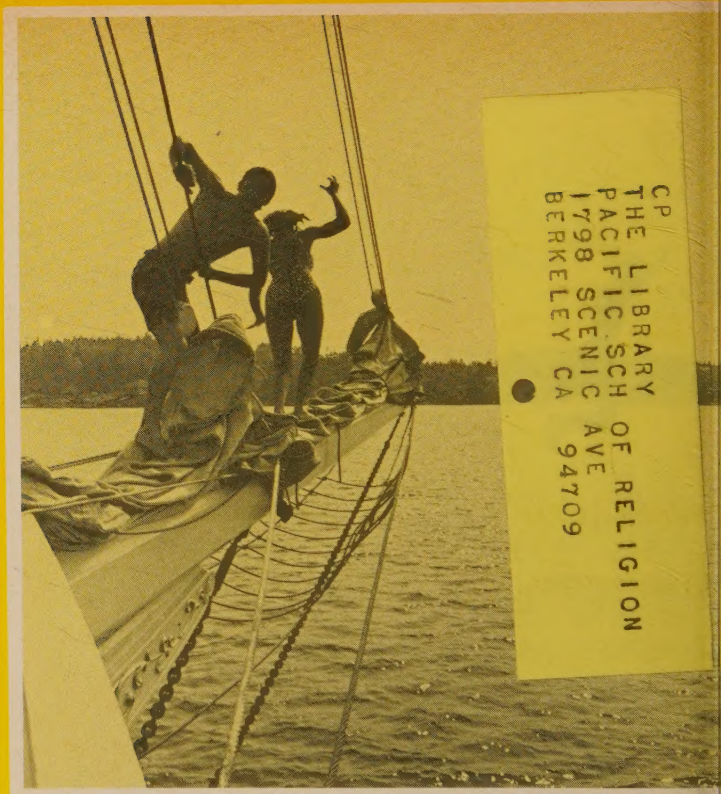
"For myself," confesses Bill,

'm excited about living close to
e land because contact with the
rimary forces of nature is the
est way I know to build a more
able life . . . A good society is
ne that enables every member to
tain optimal growth. I hope we
an evolve a culture in which
veryone can be intensely involved in one's own development: To do meaningful work, to use one's capabilities, and to feel self-confidence and self-esteem."

Now when someone mentions a Yurt, you won't have to smile or laugh or even ask the question, "A what?" Maybe you'll even have a few answers. □

Kit Brooking

The St. Stephen's Yurt is a quiet place for reading, thinking, studying, or taking guitar lessons. It's also been used as a seminar room for up to 20 people.



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